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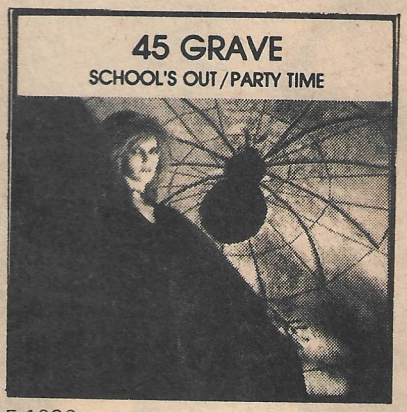
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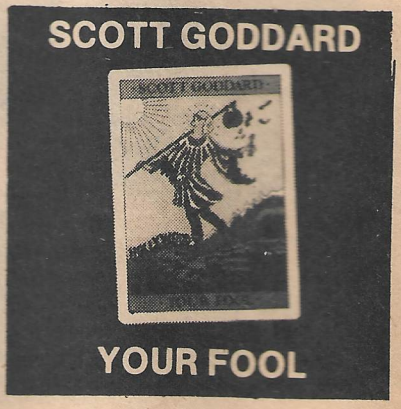
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CULINARY COMMENTS

Late Night Dining:
Taking Risks in the Middle of the Night.

by Dan Hickey

Finding a place to eat at 4:00 in the morning can be an endless source of frustration in San Diego.

So, the proposed renovation of Hillcrest's Summer House Inn into a "New York Style" deli that would be open until 2:00 a.m. on the weekdays and 24 hours on the weekends, was a long anticipated announcement. The actual opening of City Deli earlier this summer was even more welcome.

With "New York Style" purported to imply good food at a reasonable price and fast, efficient service, I cannot argue that the people behind City Deli started out with the right idea. However, a few problems have developed with their execution.

The restaurant's interior shows marked improvement over its predecessor and the new decor is the result of a zealous, if not homgenized attempt at an art-deco style. Unfortunately, this pseudo-chic effect has been completely undermined by the presence of bright, overhead lighting. Though this glare is hardly flattering during the day, it is absolutely criminal after 2:00 in the morning.

Thus it was with squinting eyes that my friends and I settled into a City Deli booth at 2:00 a.m. on a Saturday morning.

Our first problem came with the arrival of the dessert menu, which at this ravenous hour was practically nonexistent. There was no cheesecake (always a bad omen in a deli), only two kinds of pie, and three types of layer cake — all of them chocolate. I resigned myself to a piece of apple pie — a la mode ($2.25) and coffee, while my friends chose from the cakes ($1.25).

The cakes were passable, but the pie was so bad that I guessed it must have been sitting on the shelf for at least a week. Needless to say, I took exactly one bite and refused to touch the rest, though I did make use of the ice cream to spruce up my surprisingly good coffee. My most pleasant experience of the evening was watching our waitress scratch the offending item off the bill.

Still, I was determined not to form an opinion of City deli after only one visit. Consequently, the next time around, I discovered some of the more appealing, late-night aspects of the menu, that being the large selection of appetizers and side orders.

The stuffed cabbage roll ($1.95) is highly recommended. It was a good sized portion, submerged in an excellent light sauce and bread was thoughtfully provided for soaking up the left-over sauce. The potato knish ($1.85) was acceptable (if you happen to like knish) and large enough to curb an average appetite.



But if the appetizers don't satisfy those post-party hunger attacks, the side orders definitely will. Upon the invitation to order straight, crinkly, or curly cut french fries ($1.10), I opted for a new experience by choosing the curley cut. Beyond their novel shape, these deep-fried twists turned out to be quite tasty. Another noteworthy entry was the side order of potato pancakes ($2.50), served with the choice of applesauce or sour cream. Up to this point, I was quite impressed with hefty portion sizes.

However this was not the case with the "small dinner salad," which consisted of barely enough greenery to cover an average sized burger and little else (perhaps the word "small" should have been underlined?). Adding to the disappointment, the blue-cheese dressing tasted distinctly "generic".

As one would expect from a "New York Style" deli, City Deli offers a great selection of sandwiches. Most of the basics (corned beef, roast beef, ham, etc.) are priced at $3.75 and come with a fairly respectable serving of potato salad, cole slaw or macaroni salad. There are also four styles of burgers from which to choose. The best of the lot was the "gourmet" which came smothered in sauteed mushrooms, green onions and jack cheese.

In addition, there remained a wide variety of dinners, and "Specialties of the House" that I was much too full to sample.

The City Deli is an interesting place to visit, but as things stand now, I doubt that I will make it a habit. Unless there are substantial improvements in the future, the next time you are in the Hillcrest area and thinking of something to eat in the wee hours of the morning, you may want to consider going home and ordering a pizza.

GONE DADDY GONE

by Jennifer West

As the sun sets in Santa Monica, a collection of bums have already begun to litter the pier and old jazz-hipsters get set to jam in a nearby dive bar. Right next door, amidst an innocent crowd of vacationing families, a curious assemblage has invaded the middle-class confines of the Santa Monica Travelodge.

Inside, on a rumpled bed beneath a myriad of mismatched shoes, sits Gordon Gano, the diminutive lead singer and chief composer of Milwaukee's latest and perhaps only musical sensation, the Violent Femmes.

Gano, whose recently grown out hair is bound back with a shoestring headband, looks even more unassuming than his "motel-gauche" surroundings. And in the Femmes' trademark offbeat style, he is on the verge of reciting a meaningful paragraph from a recent union newsletter.

"I might read that at tonight's show," Gano proclaims with an impish grin. "Are you recording this? . . . Good. I think it offers true insight just as long as I don't mispronounce any of these words."

"This is the Musicians' Creed," he quotes. "I firmly believe, that to be a paragon of live music I must . . .

#1 — Keep improving my musical ability.

#2 — Rehearse, rehearse, rehearse.

#3 — Dress and appear neat.

#4 — Always be on time.

#5 — Act, speak, and perform in a professional manner.

#6 — Endeavor to please the public (he chuckles).

#7 — Play loudly only on the request of my employer.

#8 — Perform as an employee, not a guest.

#9 — Keep upon my person, a paid up card (union)

#10 — Draw up a perfect contract and perform accordingly."

At this point Gano is laughing hysterically and ignoring bandmate Brian Ritchie's cries for sleep. "The perfect contract . . . huh!!!" Gano practically screams. "Heed the creed and you'll succeed!"

The reason why Gano finds this decree so funny is obvious. In the three years since their inception,the Violent Femmes have broken nearly every rule in the purported "book." Yet at this moment, they are lounging in the lap of both critical and cult acclaim.

The logic behind this beating of the odds is quite simple when one considers the infectious, partytime intensity that characterizes the Femmes' sound.

Instrumentally, the group anchors acoustic and electric guitars with solid, thumping basslines and the brisk beats of a small snare drumkit. The resulting garage-rooted thrash provides a sparse but effective backdrop. Gano's dark wails lie above it all, showcasing a candid lyricism that is perpetually laced with lewd obscenities, sexual frustration, and religious doubts.

For the son of a Baptist minister, Gano's emotional outpouring seems almost disobedient and it is preached like a vigorous cleansing of the soul. This is rebelliousness, combined with the Femmes' sparse instrumentation, it is also the catalyst for thick comparisons with the Velvet Underground and the Modern Lovers, an earmark that simply enrages the Femmes. The band does admit a slight resemblance but they insist that they had never even heard of these groups until after the Violent Femmes were conceived (uh huh).

It all began in 1981 when Victor DeLorenzo, a jazz drum student/experimental theatre actor, and Ritchie, an avante acoustic bass player, teamed up with Gano, who was still an insurgent high school prankster.

The name, according to Gano, was a frequent gymclass insult. "You know," he said, "We're all on the small side and the jocks at school equate smallness with wimpiness. That's where the term 'femme' comes from, and they used to call us that because they thought we were fags."

The name takes on further significance since the Femmes were founded primarily as an outlet for its members' exhibitionistic tendencies.

Gano, it seems, has always been a ham. While completing his high school studies, he would frequently wear a bathrobe to school, inciting a near suspension in addition to a victorious coronation as the school's homecoming king.

The group continued Gano's slapstick antics when they literally played the sidewalks of Milwaukee for lack of a better venue.

"We couldn't get a gig," Gano explained. "Actually, it was a combination of events. To say that we couldn't get any gigs is not exactly true. We could get one gig and that was a show every two or three weeks at the only 'new-music' club in town, which was to say the very least . . . a complete dive. There was no money to be made either, and it was so depressing that we thought it was better to play in the streets for free, or not at all."

This turned out to be a wise decision, for it was outside of a corner drugstore that the Femmes were "discovered" by the Pretender's frontwoman, Chrissie Hynde. Known for her support of virtual unknowns, Hynde was so moved by the Femmes' reverberations that she invited the band on the spot, to open a few of her upcoming shows.

This initial break encouraged the Femmes to record a demo tape which attracted the attention of Slash records. This tape captured the Femmes' raw spontaneity and it was virtually transferred to vinyl untouched.

see page 29



violent femmes

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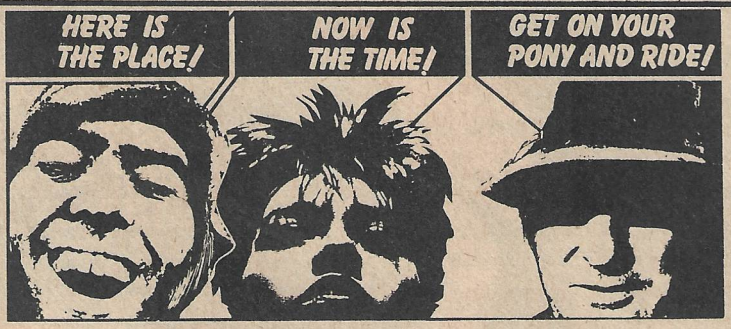
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by Doug Balding



Rising from the ashes of various punk bands four years ago, 45 Grave has progressed beyond the world of punk and has achieved a more diverse acceptance, flirting even with the realm of heavy metal.

The Los Angeles based band has also been held responsible for the recent uprising of "death rock," a type of gothic punk with heavy metal overtones, exhibited by British Bat Cave bands such as Specimen and Alien Sex Fiend.

Guitarist Paul B. Cutler and drummer Don Bolles, fresh from a performance in San Jose, spoke recently about "Sleep In Safety," the band's recent release on Enigma records, which includes a single from the album, "Partytime," from which a video was made.

"We made a video in San Francisco of 'Partytime' with Graham Wiffler (Residents, Sparks) and it's been played on MTV a little bit," Cutler said. "Mostly it's been played on local video programs around the country. We were on 'The Cutting Edge' about two months ago."

Although some musicians dislike making videos and regard MTV as an exploitive rather than a supportive medium, Cutler's opinion of the video music channel is a bit more kind.

"I think it's (MTV) great because it makes people into movies more and I really like the movies a lot," Cutler said.

While many feel that directors have borrowed scriptlines for their videos from the silver screen, Cutler sees exactly the opposite effect.

"All of the movies are trying to be like MTV," he said. "In a way, a lot of them are like glorified rock videos. The Prince thing was the best thing that's been done like that. 'Purple Rain' was definitely a step in the right direction, but most of them don't work."

Although a song entitled "Partytime" may sound too lighthearted for a group which prides itself on a more deathly style, the subject of this new single is anything but cheery.

"It's a strange contrast of a serious subject with a party atmosphere," Cutler said. "It's anti-child abuse. We create confusion which is completely planned."

While the cut is receiving airplay on MTV and on radio stations across the country, it has yet to be heard in their own hometown.

"We don't get any play on AOR (Album Oriented Rock stations) in L.A., but we got played on a station in Cleveland," he said. "Our reputation stopped it from being played around here.

The gloom and doom reputation came from their inception of a more gristly form of rock into their music. Although Bolles claims that the group did not create the style themselves, there are many bands that enjoy and are influenced by the morbid sound.

"I don't think anyone invented it or didn't invent it (death rock), it's something that's always been there," Bolles said. "In a few years all these bands from England will be playing the same stuff. We don't try to capitalize on it."

Like many rock bands, 45 Grave has been influenced by films, and horror movie imagery is common in their appearance and songs.

"We have definitely been influenced by movies," Cutler explains. "I worked in a record store a while back and I got to hate records. I haven't bought a record in, oh . . . I'd say five years. I like gore films, like 'The Bloodsucking Freaks.' That and 'Carnivorous.' Also I like the second 'Star Wars'."

"And commercials," quipped Bolles.

45 Graves also uses many arresting images in its packaging, including symbols of death and evil, such as a pentagram surrounding a goat's head on the single "Black Cross." The imagery is only for looks, however, and does not represent a philosophy.

"The pentagram was just an interesting image," said Bolles. "If you're going to ask if we're Devil worshippers, we couldn't be farther from it."

"The only way I could say I worshipped the Devil is if somebody said I was the Devil," said Cutler.

In a bid to expand their audience, 45 Grave recently played on a heavy metal night at the Country Club in Reseda with L.A. metal band, Hellion.

"It was really a strange show," Cutler reflected. "I don't think they were ready for us. It wasn't our usual fans." see page 30

SCENE...

by Jessica Schwartz

The San Diego music scene. Certainly one of the greatest mysteries to a resident San Diego music aficionado. For a city only two meager hours from the literally overflowing music mecca of L.A., San Diego pales in comparison.

Those who can't hack the cover band scene, and aren't thrilled about the drive to L.A., will agree that a good show in San Diego once a week is indeed fortunate. It becomes a little frustrating when your night life options seem so limited while the trend-clone army has Madonna and miniskirts and dancing at Lehr's Yuppie house on any given night of the week.

Jaded clubgoers will say that the scene has suffered since the untimely demise of venues such as the Skeleton Club and more recently the Bacchanal. Bill Caulfield, former booking manager for the Backdoor, reminisces.

"When I first started this job, there was this huge cool music scene," Caulfield said. "I could book bands that no one's heard of except 400 people, and those 400 people would all show up."

Currently, this is not an unknown phenomena. Adams Avenue Theater proved to be a reliable spot for shows over the past summer, with the integral help of local promoter Tim Maze, whose recent mainstay has been a relatively young punk crowd.

"What I've been doing is sticking to all the stuff that no one else will do and it's been doing pretty well, since about June I've done 10 or 12 shows at Adams Avenue and they've all done really well except for one heavy metal show," said Maze. This included a crowd of 500 at T.S.O.L. and a sold out Dead Kennedy's show.

Encouraging, yes. And there are other signs that seem to indicate the presence of a living, breathing alternative music scene here in Shamu land, Tuesdays at the Rodeo have been providing some welcome diversity.

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"Poetry is a way to demand change," says Gary Heffern, lead singer for the Penetrators. A new vehicle for change in the form of performance art is digging a niche for itself here in San Diego.

Scream Door Productions, headed up mostly by Heffern, Young Roginski, two women named as Judith and Margaret and many others, is a new creative outlet for poets, musicians and assorted madcap artists. With two poetry, music, multi-media happenings behind them, the first at the North Park Lions Club that featured John Doe and Keith Morris of the Circle Jerks, the more recent one at a studio downtown, Scream Door's founders are optimistic about the future of performance art in San Diego.

"Just because the atmosphere of this town is stifling, doesn't mean there aren't people who are into more radical things," says Young Roginski. "We're going to go to people who might not accept this and slap them in the face with it."

The people behind Scream Door are many of the same who were behind the early punk scene, and seem to be using this new vehicle to communicate many of the ideals of the early punks. Possible future great poets include Jeffrey Lee Pierce of the Gun Club and Phil Alvin of the Blasters, keep your eyes open for those flyers.

The San Diego music and art scene may at times seem a trifle fickle, but it is always there in some form or another. It may take a bit of searching and a fairly high level of awareness to get at the good stuff, but isn't that what the underground is all about? Seek and ye shall reap ripe rewards.

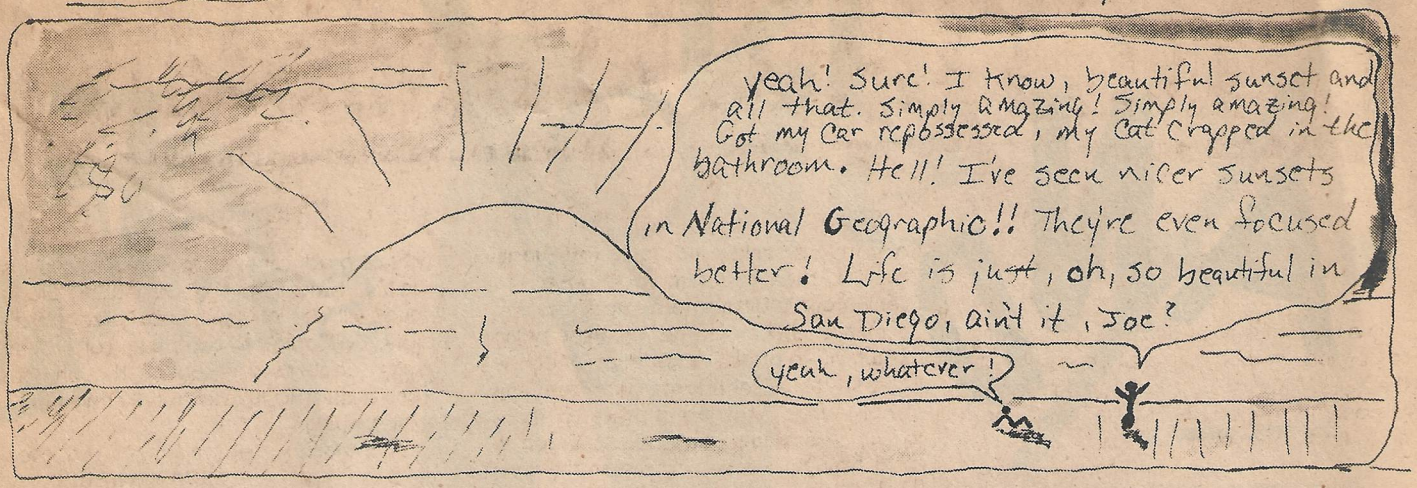
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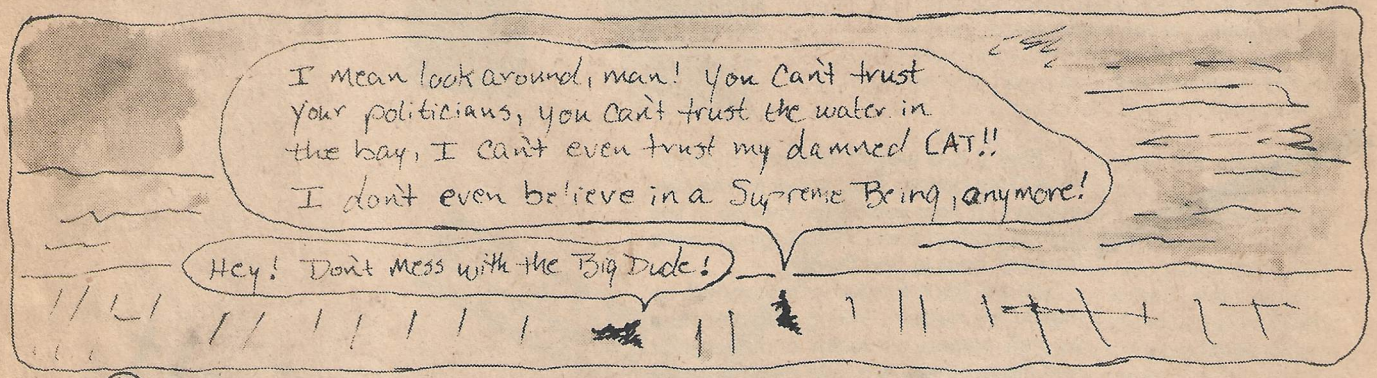


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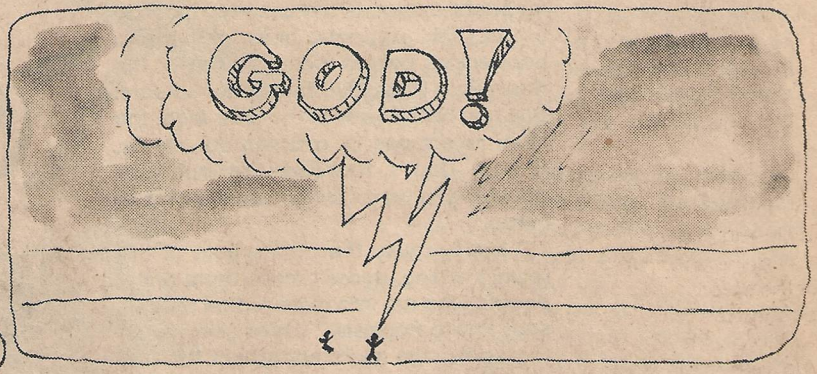
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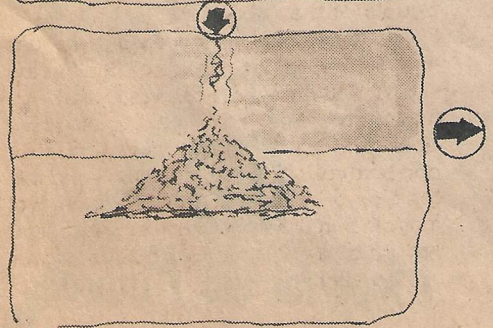














THE PLAYGROUND SLAP

by Adam Tell

In a town where a band's merit appears to be measured by how well it can belt out the latest AM hits, it's a wonder that there are any original bands at all in San Diego, much less noteworthy ones.

So when the Playground Slap popped out of this cultural wasteland, it was an arrival to parallel immaculate conception.

Unlike a lot of San Diego musical-mush, the Playground Slap are so completely original, so highly danceable, so simply and basically fun, that it's a wonder they haven't been signed and drafted to more appreciative geographic areas.

The roots of the Slap took hold nearly four years ago when singer/songwriter Marcello Radulovich met Michael Addis and with much consternation, decided to form a band. Their first musical organization was loosely dubbed "Cow," and after various personnel changes, it became "Moo Park." Understandably, this incarnation was short lived, and the only lineup known as the Playground Slap was completed when Radulovich and Addis met keyboardist Ray De Zonia and bass player Dave Ybarra at a party.

Radulovich, the hot-blooded Chilean of the group, writes all music and lyrics. Although his songwriting is personal and introspective, there is a decided funk feel to most of the Slap's songs. It is a feeling that goes beyond the whiteboy derivations we hear so much of these days. It's the kind of down and dirty music that holds up awfully well in the beat boxes of break dancers in Brooklyn or East L.A.

Ironically, the base of the Slap's solid sound is held down by a most unlikely candidate. Drummer Addis is the most typical midwesterner I know and I'm convinced that he was an African tribal chieftan in some previous life. It must have been there that he picked up his bottom-heavy percussion attack, for there's really no other way to explain it because midwesterners as a rule, just don't groove.

His approach to the drums is clean and simple, a style brought on by several factors besides reincarnation. First, that's how Radulovich likes it, and since they're his songs that's how he sets it. Secondly, Michael is basically a beginner. His first experience drumming was only four years ago, and then it was mostly a joke. The evening of his debut performance ended up with both he and his drumset being thrown into a pool. "I was inept when the band started," said Addis. But after "lots of hard work," (the band practices three to four times a week) he has managed to mold himself into the drummer that the band wants and needs.

The Playground Slap lineup is rounded out by bassist Ybarra and keyboardist De Zonia. Ybarra is the veteran of the group, having played in San Diego bands longer than any of the other members.



Ybarra's first San Diego performance came when he was four years old, playing the ukulele at the Organ Pavilion in Balboa Park. "It was a lot of strumming and blabbering," explained Ybarra, "I made eighty-five cents, though." Ybarra is really the only member given the latitude to come up with his own parts. His bass lines are melodic, fresh, thick and crunchy. They are the kind of sounds that could mix concrete if turned up loud enough.

When the Slap records (they just finished a five-song demo tape), it's Ybarra who acts as producer with De Zonia, who adds the final touches to that distinctive "Slap" sound with his intriguing synthesizer patchwork. De Zonia affectionately calls these unique creations his "babies", though both Ybarra and Radulovich work together in their making.

All of the Slap members agree that overall, San Diego clubs aren't encouraging or conducive to original music. "Bands that play covers, eat a lot," Ybarra lamented, "and bands that don't play covers, starve." Despite this, the Slap still adheres to a strict "no cover" policy.

Marcello longs for more audience participation, while Addis, the acting manager of the band, would simply like to see more people at their shows.

The music of the Playgrond Slap runs from quixotic, as in "Pictures of Age" to the chaotic sounds of "In Pastures Green," . . where according to De Zonia, "Things fall apart and guitars fly." Combining the lush and textural with straight out funk and roll, the Slap prove that there is good original music in San Diego, you've just got to hunt around a bit to find it. Do yourself a favor . . . go hunting.

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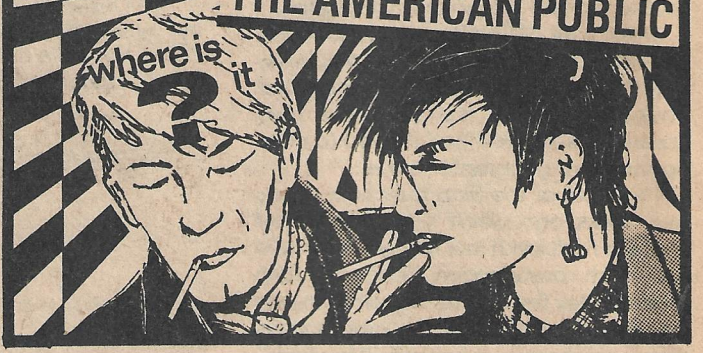
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Public Image Ltd.
This is What You Want . . .
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Elektra/Asylum Records

by Doug Balding

The fourth studio album by Public Image, Ltd. represents not a change in direction, but an affirmation of their bid for a larger audience.

Johnny Lydon's chanting of "This is what you want,this is what you get," indicates that at least an attempt has been made to please a large number of people.

The first three songs on side one were on PIL's release, "Live in Tokyo," and represent the band at its most commercial. They are essentially throwaways for those owning the live album. Those who have discovered the band since "This is Not a Love Song," (present here but released as a single several months ago) should not be disappointed with the danceable rock/funk nature of these songs, a factor which should help them get airplay on raido and MTV. Contributing to the lighter sound of "Bad Life" and "This is Not a Love Song" is the use of horns, a first for PIL.

By the fourth song on side one, the album gets more interesting as it takes on a darker tone, The percussive and Arabic strains prevalent on "Flowers of Romance" resurface here and "1981" could easily have fit on that album. The best songs, "Tie Me To The Length of That," "The Pardon," and "Order of Death", once agains establish that Lydon can turn out something interesting while making commercial concessions.

Lydon explores the darker realms of life and the music business, using his voice alternately as a snarl and a snide wail to dissect such themes as maturation, conformity and corruption of ideals, all of which apply to rock bands in general and PIL in particular. Lydon expresses a business wise sense of looking out for himself because he knows no one else will. PIL's admission of concession is carried in the album's title, so at least no attempt is made to hide it.

Lydon and Martin Akins now make up the soul of PIL, handling all of the writing and most of the performing duties. Keith Levene, although out of the band for over a year, is credited with co-writing five of the album's eight songs.

If PIL no longer seems as far from the mainstream as it once was, it is due in part to an influx of English bands and a change in radio formats since the band's first album in 1978.





No one more than Johnny Lydon deserves success from the change in tastes he contributed to as the most significant force in the Sex Pistols and PIL.

Singing "This is What You Want, This is What You Get" is condescending and seems to answer the question of whether or not he is only producing what he thinks we want to hear. It is usually more interesting to listen to someone following his own mind rather than trying to read ours, but in Lydon's case, whatever the motivation, the end product is worthwhile.

The Halibuts
Halibut Beach
What?/Rhino Records

by Tony Finn

The last time the Halibuts performed, Joey Lyou (sax) gave himself a mohawk to rousing applause. One gig earlier, Kevin Daley (bass) spontaneously smashed his instrument to nothingness. When asked why, the always smiling Daley just looked dumbfounded and replied, "I don't know."

This sounds like the stage antics of punks, not something you would expect from an L.A. surf band with a name like the Halibuts, whose members also make up part of the Manhattan Beach Hoedad Longboard Club.

"Halibut Beach," is the debut album for this seven member band. Besides consisting of six original surf tunes and six cover songs, the album also sports a wonderful three dimensional cover complete with glasses.

Side one of this What?Records/Rhino release opens with "Mr. Mysteriouso," an original tune written by guitarist Rick Johnson. This song displays the true Halibut sound, strong bass lines, ska-ish sax and frenetic drums. It is this surf-ska sound that has made the band popular on the L.A. club circuit.

"Exodus Five-O," the Halibut version of the forever classic "Hawaii Five-O," rounds out side one and brings to mind a soundtrack to a Clint Eastwood western, rather than joining the ranks of the many typical Five-O covers.

"Monster Surfing Time," is one of the LP's best cuts with its "Ventures meet the Cramps" sound. Madcap monster grunts, hoots, and howls emanate through a clean surf riff, making this cut ghoulishly fun listening.

Jan Berry (Jan and Dean) should be proud, as his lyrics are done justice when the Halibuts zanily belt out "My baby does the hanky panky . . ." "Hanky Panky" remains the album's only cut with discernible vocals and it is a wildly modernized version of this classic surfer stomp. Side two closes with "Churchkey" and "Surf Rider," two forever enduring surf jams.

No great revelations on the meanings of life or love here, but it's one helluva good time. This band knows how to get down and jam, so if you like to stomp your feet, dance and enjoy good surf music, the Halibuts are the catch of the day.

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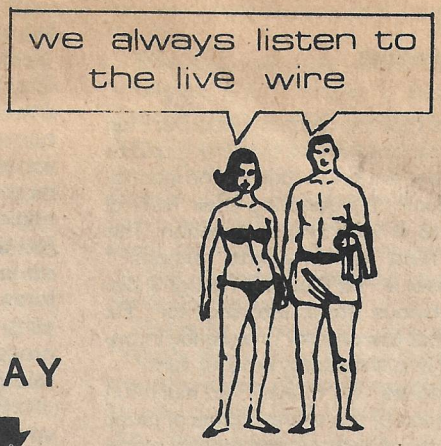
Adam Tell, Music Director

top 20

Violent Femmes
Orange Juice
Nick Cave
X-Mal Deutchland
King Sunny Ade
Radio Tokyo Tapes II
The Cult
Siouxsie and the Banshees
Zazou B'Kaye
Red Hot Chili Peppers
Sisters of Mercy
Love Tractor
Shockabilly
Minutemen
Rat Music For Rat People Vol. II
Play Dead
Black Uhuru
Public Image Ltd.
Party Boys
Breather

	MONDAY	SUNDAY / TUESDAY
2-6a.m.	Max Benham	Stephanie Sheridan
6-10a.m.	Alann Lopes	Bob Bartosik
10-2p.m.	Monti Rainbolt	Paul Levikow
2-6p.m.	Kelli Cluque	Jessica Schwartz
6-10p.m.	Matt Cave	Dan Hickey
10-2a.m.	Duff McDonald	Lisa T.





WEDNESDAY

FRIDAY

THURSDAY

SATURDAY

	Chacho Herman	Glen Richards	Eric Campbell
Lisa Reynolds	Billy Mac	Joe Shrin	Paul Palajac
Tracy Oakes	Tony Finn	Steve Perez	Skot Norton
Sue Drummet	Scott Harrison	Astro	Ike
Doug Balding	Jenny Barrick	Adam Tell	Mark Murray
Ian Minor	Bart Cheever	Mark Beaver	



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Thursday night from 8-10 p.m.
San Diego's only import music show. This program features music only found on imported vinyl from Au Pairs to XAMal Deutchland. Music from around the world is played by your host Jenny Barrick. Sponsored by Blue Meanie Records, located at 1207 North Second Street in El Cajon.

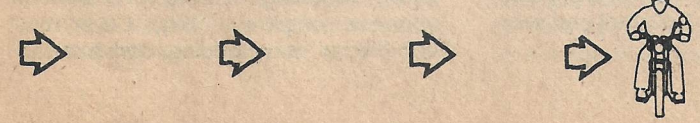
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Earache
Friday morning from 6-10 a.m.
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sat. 6-7pm

STEPPED ON JAZZ
sun. 10am-2pm



The Grid

import reviews by J. Mark Beaver

Fix Planet
Attatack Records

It seems that the German band Der Plan invited musicians from all over the world to participate in the production of "an international record" by donating their musical answers to a very simple question. The question was, "What's next, humans?" The answser is "Fix Planet!" Though it becomes obvious from listening to "Fix Planet!" that the answer is blatently inconsistent, it is a throbbing wad of fun.

What makes "Fix Planet!" so much fun is its collection of the wildest forms of music from just about every experimental plane that matters: electronic and/or politically motivated smatterings from Japan to Ecuador (going East and West). This charming cornucopia even includes the cloak and dagger intrigue of two recordings smuggled from Poland and the Soviet Union. Gasp! Shudder!

The majority of the cuts on the album are electronic and experimental to an extreme. One of my favorite cuts is from a Spanish group by the name of Esplendor Geometrico who give us an industrial, thumping tune called "Moscu esta helado" (Moscow is frozen). The band includes a note that is printed with their introduction on the back cover, featuring some comical quotes, "We are Spanish, but we would like to be Russian. We have spent a year planing industrial rhythm and making noise. During our concerts the people usually attack us, which makes us proud." I like that. The tune itself drones like a beehive and churns out a sloppy, completely entertaining beat to back up the rather simple lyrics, "Moscu esta helado/Todo esta helado." Thump, churn, thump, churn.

A few more highlights include Norway's Fra Lippo Lippi with their lightly textured industrobop tune, "Fabric Wardrobe." Our own mother country supplies the Man Ray Band to the collection, featuring Mark Mothersbaugh of DEVO doing a tune called, "I feel So Bad," that pretty much sounds like DEVO mating with the Residents. The band includes the fact, in their brief biography, that "I Feel So Bad" was recorded below the L.A. County boundary behind what they humorously call, "the Orange Curtain."

Briefly back to the intrigue, the collection includes a tune smuggled out of the Soviet Union by Peter X and Kolja Y of the Leningrad underground, that is so traditionally Russian, it makes you look for vodka to snort and a glass to break. Smuggled from Poland is a thick, breating, electronic tune from a group(?)/person(?) named Semoe, entitled "I Think." Like many of the other tunes, "I Think" is very industrial and very imaginative.

All in all, "Fix Planet!" is nifty, enlightening stuff, though all of the tunes are not gems. For example, Johanna Reichstag and Die Forme from Frankreich (where?), deserve either their own comic strip or a two-week stint as subjects in an animal experimentation lab (the noise couldn't be much worse). The point being made, however, is international cooperation. The fact that this album was able to be released with such a wide array of styles, textures and cultural ideas is inspiring. The aims are noble and the end result is a grand cultural collage that succeeds in not taking itself too seriously. Just remember, "Fix Planet!" is a command from God; listen up 'cause this is what's next.

Holger Czukay
Der Osten Ist Rot
Island Records

Let's face it, Holger Czukay has been diddling electrodes since . . . hell, since before it was cool! Four out of seven modern electrical musicians will cite Czukay's former West German experimental group, Can, as a major influence. I have always favored Can's "Landed" album for hours (O.K., an hour) of fine entertainment. "Full Moon on the Highway" is a classic! Unfortunately, these good things came to an end. Can disbanded in the early 70's, leving Czukay to continue his wild aural experimentations on his own.

"Der Osten ist Rot," Mr. Czukay's latest performance, is a monument to his knack of "finding" things. Czukay collects bits and pieces of transmitted "junk" with pre-WWII HAM radio, and puts them back together again, building a landscape of synthetic music around them. The title cut is particularly imaginative and well-pieced together as a rebuttal to a denunciation of rock and roll by the Chinese government. Czukay breaks the Chinese National Anthem down into bite-size pieces and forms a new version that rocks in a way that they would surely fear would cause " . . . homosexuality and derangement." The tune blasts full orchestra sound, then sputters, stops and continues for another second or two with the anthem played on what sounds like an electric ukulele, all the while a synthesized beat keeps a very funky pace. A humorous note and true fact: the official title for the Chinese National Anthem is, "The Faeces-Collectors Returning From the Mountains." And who said that the Chinese weren't fun-loving, wacky dudes?!

There are ten cuts on "Der Osten ist Rot," ranging from the wild, prementioned Chinese salutable, to the slowest, moodiest piece on the album, a tune entitled "Michy" featuring the eery vocal work of Japanese songstress Michy. Clever title, huh? "Michy" is a plodding, dark exercise

in mood. Michy's vocals drone and lumber along with the drumbeats to produce a sound not too far off from that of Throbbing Gristle's, only a bit more Oriental in flavor.

Czukay is definitely not suffering a lack of imagination or drive, but as an album, "Der Osten ist Rot," for all of its fun and enlightenment on the how-to's of electrode and tapedeck fidgetry, lacks consistency. Much less an album and more a protfolio of what Czukay can and will do, there is a frighteningly wide range of experiments for this small, vinyl lab report. Possibly having the idea that this album was to be pushed a bit harder than his previous works, Czukay decided to just put out his resume to the music world to see what comes of it. I will not tag this album with commerciality, for it is not that. It's just a bit difficult to bear the wide range of mood and style on this one small piece of vinyl without suffering a nosebleed.

Prefab Sprout
Swoon
Kitchenware Records

Prefab Sprout is as unlikely a name as, say, Aztec Camera, but the sound is just as likeable, pretty and unobstusive as that coming from Camera's Roddy Frame and company. The Sprout/Camera style has gained the title of "wimp rock" which, I take it, means that it features pretty melodies, personal lyrics and to the dismay of many of today's "happening" circles, nothing that touches the mud of gloom and dispair.

Prefab Sprout proudly wears their wimp badge on a pastel lapel, but unlike such synthetic children of the pastel plume such as Paul Young, the Sprout has fashioned their lapel out of solid work. "Swoon," Sprout's first L.P. is a thing of beauty. The biggest achievement is the musicianship. Brothers Paddy and Martin McAloon, along with Wendy Smith, weave acoustic guitars, harmonica and extremely full-bodied synthesizer work into a too-tight lounge club folk style.

Sprout takes Aztec Camera's style a few steps further and drops it on the fringes of jazz. "Cruel," the last cut on side one, fits this mold perfectly. Somewhat reminiscent of Steely Dan's "Aja," "Cruel" laments the conflict between mankind's freedom and a lover's possessiveness. With lyrics like, "Don't call me possessive, but God, if he's smoochin' with you — I's a jealous boy root, — the world should be free, but don't you go following suit," it's obvious that Sprout has no fear of cominess. But it is the music that makes this tune. Deep, strong synthesizer chords and a catchy strum on the strings couple beautifully with Paddy McAloon's not-so-amazing, yet never irritating, vocal style. As long as it's not acapella, I'm O.K.

Side Two opens with one of the album's strongest cuts, "Couldn't Bear to Be Special," undercut with solid club jazz influences from the brushes on the drums to the club-style piano and Paddy's attempt at scat, "Boo Boo Bah Bah." There are some very nice touches here, a small synthetic explosion where a drumbeat is expected and some beautiful haromonizing on the opening chords.

The most commercial cut on the album, "Ghost Town Blues," is a light-hearted, bopping tune with a reggae-ish beat, and I have no idea what it is about. With lyrics like, "Anne Garland — you can't call this heartbeat a man," and "Man made neon and learned how to fly, but God made the stars while he fashioned the sky . . ." Well, you figure it out! Nevertheless, it all rhymes and it's very pretty.

Well, maybe that last line should have been my first here, because that is "Swoon." it's been a long time since I've heard such a well-crafted monument to the croon — That's "Swoon!" So, until Joe Jackson "finds" himself, or, at least until Aztec Camera releases their next album, quality lounge jazz and "wimp rock" both have three young, bright, clean artists on the double throne — That's Prefab Sprout!

Shockabilly
Colosseum
Rough Trade Records

"Voodoo-rocka-psyche-billy" is a title that far outweighs that of "voodoobilly." It carries a bit more meat. And Schockabilly's "voodoo-rocka-psyche-billy" sound is carrying a good bit more meat than their "voodoo-billy" brothers, The Cramps. The name of the game is "king of the trash rock," and with their latest release, "Colloseum," Shockabilly is unprecariously sitting on the top.

The main factor deciding the battle is fun. Shockabilly is much more experimental. While Lux Interior and company remain throbbing with their guitars and breathing on microphones touching the backs of their respective throats, shockabilly is clearly and brightly trashing out tunes as diverse as the Byrds "Eight Miles High" and Roger Miller's "Dang Me."

Shockabilly is from North Carolina, although the album "Colloseum" has been released on a London label. The album is a romp through a pure paisley trash pile.

"Roman Man", one of my favorites on the album, has a heavily psychedelic sound reminiscent of Pink Floyd's debut album, "The Piper at the Gates of Dawn," at least until you hear the vocals. The vocals are the whines and wimpers of a voice somewhere between that of Speed Racer's lit-

see page 30



Raising Twins

by J. Mark Beaver



The Cocteau Twins are a flavor reserved for those discriminating enough in their musical tastes to search for the exotic. The Twins are the flavor of emotion, and aural delicacy that requires the most sensitive of palates to discover the pleasure of its subtlety.

The Cocteau Twins are two lovers/musicians, Robin Guthrie produces a backing sound through his guitar that cries and drones, jitters and floats around the band's other amazing sound, that of Elizabeth Frazer's voice.

Cocteau Twins

4AD

Elizabeth is a find. She is no less than witchcraft, with a voice that is balanced somewhere between the sound of breaking crystal and an animal cry. Her vocal style is no less impressive than her voice itself; so few words are left intact by her floating, trembling incantations that the lyrics become moans and sobs. Elizabeth connects with her music and her audience in a deeply personal way.

"When I sing them, (the lyrics) I am so obssessed by the sound of them or by the sounds that I can make with them . . ." Elizabeth confides. "Just because of the particular vowels or whatever." The overall effect of the Twins is a subliminal addiction.

Robin and Elizabeth, along with bassist Will Haggie began the Cocteau Twins in their hometown of Grangemouth, Scotland some years ago, signing with 4AD Records late in 1980. 4AD Records, located in the heart of London, is one of the fastest growing independent labels and mother—label to the Twins, Colour Box, Germany's X-Mal Deutschland and their most financially successful band to date, Modern English.

Their first album, "Garlands," released in mid-82, was a darling of the U.K.'s independent albums chart, receiving rave critical reviews and bringing them to the attention of top British radio interviewer John Peel, who has featured the Twins on numerous shows,

"Garlands" had a much darker atmosphere than the Twins' later offerings, and to date remains high on the U.K.'s indy chart.

"tinderbox of a heart
Left a shell is all"

The group's "Lullabies" E.P. quickly followed "Garlands" and also did well on the independent singles chart. In early 1983, Alan Rankine, producer of The Associates, took the twins under his wing to produce their "Peppermint Pig" E.P. with a lightening of the Twins' sound and a new solidity in the backing rhythm tracks.

Bassist Will Haggie left the group in 1983 after an extensive tour of Britain, France and Germany with Orchestral Manoevres in the Dark and Robin and Elizabeth returned to Scotland alone to begin work on what would be their most sucessful ventures to date.

Two projects involving Robin and Elizabeth took place in 1983. The first, under the guidance of 4AD president Ivo Watts-Russell, was a project in which Robin and Elizabeth joined bassist Michael Conroy and guitarist Gary McDowell of Modern English, keyboardist Martyn Young of Colour Box and vocalist Gordon Sharp of Cindytalk to form a band called This Mortal Coil (taken from Hamlet's suicide soliloquy). This Mortal Coil was a veritable "Meeting of the minds" that Robin was to make sure that I understood.

"There was no collaboration between bands, if you know what I mean," Robin explained. "This Mortal Coil has nothing to do with the Cocteau twins. Ivo (Watts-Russell) just gave us the idea to get something together."

"glass candle grenades
are popping
still we'll not keel over"

This Mortal Coil's E.P., produced by Depeche Mode/Yaz producer John Fryer and Ivo Watts-Russell, features an eerily beautiful rendition of Tim Buckley's "song to the Siren," and a nine-minute version of Modern English's "16 Days—Gathering Dust." The E.P. was greeted with open arms by the U.K.'s independent singles chart and quickly rose to a long stay at the number one position.

The second project for the Twins' was wholely theirs, and a huge success, namely the "Head Over Heels" album, released at the beginning of this year. "Head Over Heels" is pure art. The chords set up by Robin Guthrie wrap around Elizabeth's delicate yet voluminous voice. The vocals tremble from the background textures like the sound of a bird trapped in a cave; the sound of the piper on the edge of a storm.

The album was too unique, to powerful to be ignored and met almost immediately with broad critical acclaim and the number one spot on the indy albums chart. New Musical Express' 1983 Readers' Poll placed the album among the top 20 of the year, and placed Elizabeth in the top 10 of the year's female vocalists. All quite frightening achievements for the slight girl being billed as the world's "new Edith Piaf", yet Elizabeth faces it bravely admitting, "I've come to terms with it."

The Twins' have been receiving more and more attention, and after releasing their "Sunburst and Snowblind" E.P. soon after "Head Over Heels," again hit the charts with a bang.

In early 1984, the Twins', now with new bassist Simon Raymonde (formerly of The Drowing Craze), released the surprisingly upbeat "Pearly Dew-Drops Drops" E.P., featuring the craftfully produced hit U.K. single, "Spanglemaker." This latest E.P. comes at the end of what, to date, has been an amazingly productive career for the Cocteau Twins which has brought them from the dark, moody chords of "Garlands" to the much more upbeat, almost dancefloor tunes which unselfconsciously feature such pastel lyrics as, "He's the chocolate on my tooth/He's the Spanglemaker."

Both Robin and Elizabeth, soft-spoken and wary of the industry, find themselves becoming more and more involved in the workings of their own promotion and marketing.

"It's more like a full-time job, now," Robin relates through his Scottish brogue. "It's just that there's more things to do, you know? You find yourself having to concentrate much harder."

But, at least they are experiencing some slight financial rewards that allows them to, ". . .buy new strings for our guitars, but

see page 30

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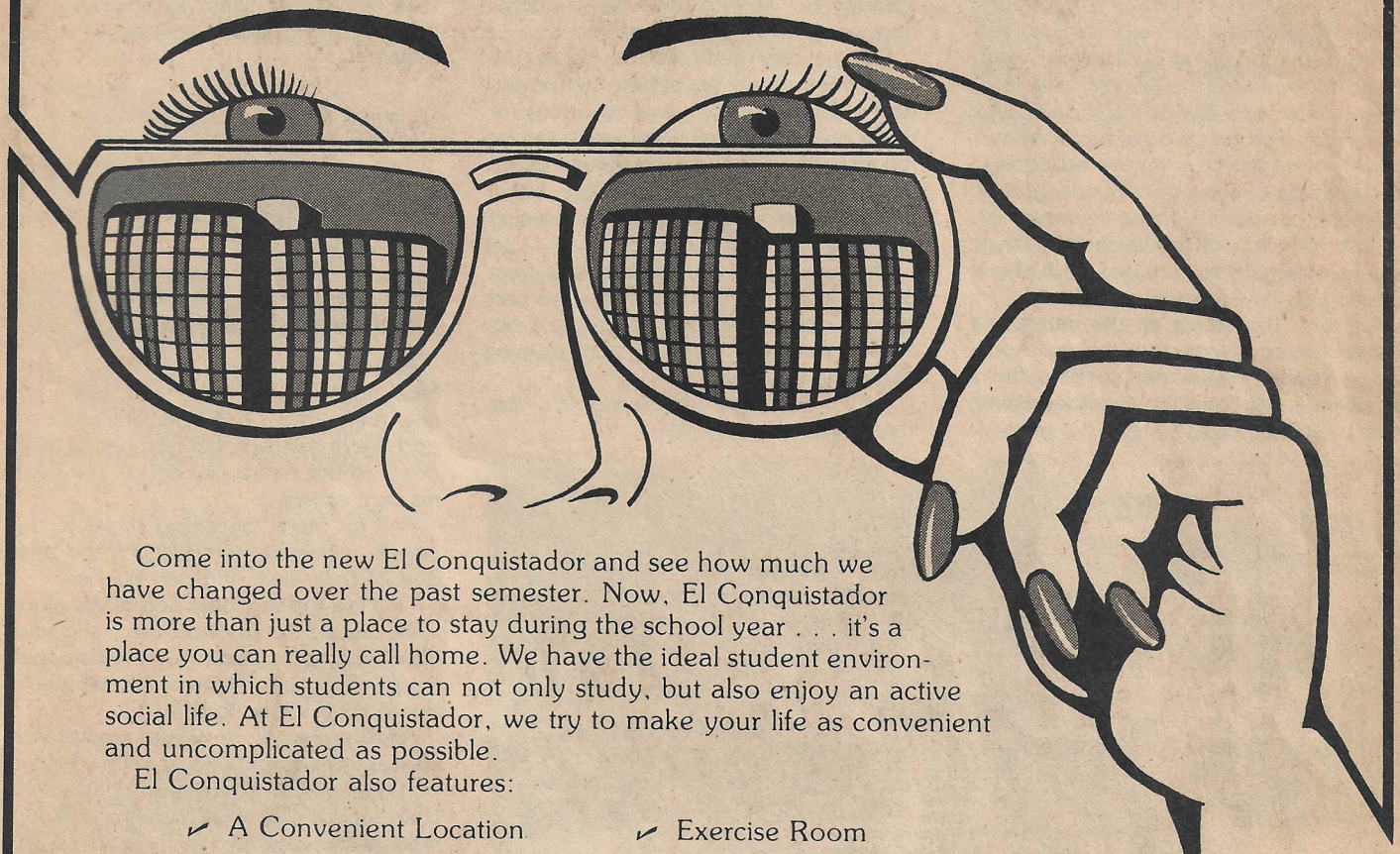
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BOOKSTORES: Cover to Cover

by Lisa Reynolds

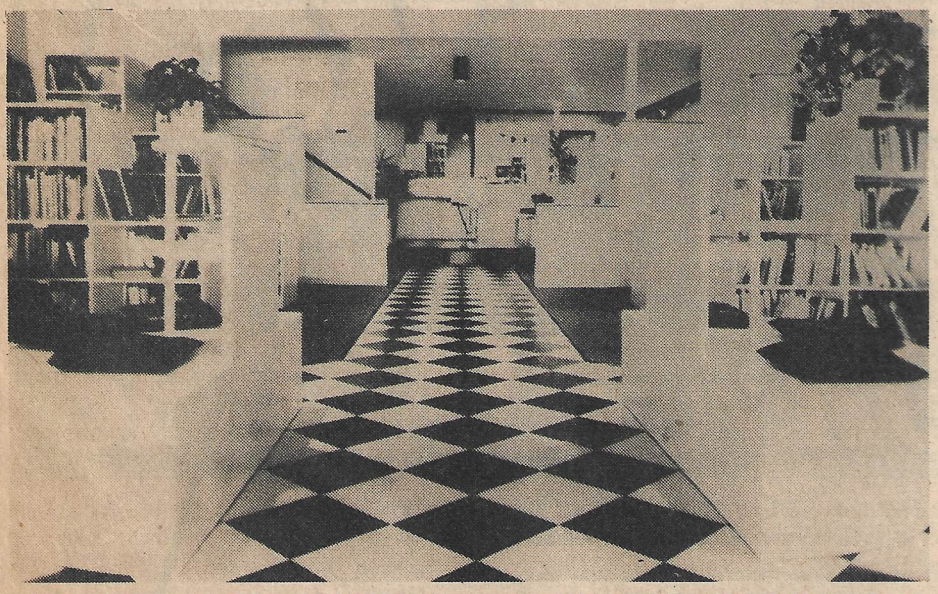
"We need the books that affect us like a disaster, that grieve us deeply, like the death of someone we loved more than ourselves, like being banished into the forests far from everyone, like a suicide. A book must be the axe for the frozen sea inside us."

Franz Kafka

Books can move and aid us. They can educate us and sway our point of view. They, so much like the people who read them, come in a myriad of shapes and forms with a broad range of topics hidden under their hard or soft covered bodies, and with the opening of each one, give us a greater perspective on the life around us.

Just as each book has its own individual style and personality, so does each of the bookstores on Book Row in Hillcrest.

Three of the stores on the row that I visited are so diverse that the only common thread that seemed to bind them together is the literature, whether old or new, that they carry.



The youngest on the row is Words & Music at 3806 4th Ave. Its youthfulness shows in the clean white walls and reading tables within the neatly arranged shelves and the careful placement of the books they hold.

Owned and operated by Victor Margolis and his wife Ann Marik, Words & Music is really a temporary home for the more than 4,000 used books that range from general topics to more specialized cookbooks, art, architecture and biographical literature.

"We see ourselves as a clearing house," said Marik. "Moving them (used books) from one person to another."

Good quality used hardback books (Victor and Ann do not like dealing with paperbacks although they do carry a few, for those on a fixed income) generally sell for roughly one-half of what the new price for the book would be. Hardbacked fiction tends to be very inexpensive, running anywhere from $2.50 to $5.

The couple obtains their books from people bringing them into their store and also by going to garage sales which, according to Marik, is the funnest part of dealing in used books.

"When we go out buying, it's like Christmas," she said.

Margolis and Marik originally planned to open a used bookstore in St. Petersburg, Florida, but decided on San Diego instead after extensively researching the area.

"We toured the country, looking for a place," said Marik. "We wanted spaciousness (and) we wanted a used bookstore that looked like new, not cluttered with books.

"We didn't count on getting a space that could fulfill all of our dreams."

One thing the couple had not dreamed of also came into being when they set up their fledgling business two months ago, in the form of a second business — an art gallery.



Each month, the couple spotlights a different local artist on their wall, which not only brings them a 30 percent profit on each piece they sell, but also brings them closer to the community and to the city's resident artists.

And for Marik, becoming closer to the people within the community is the best part of their mom and pop business.

"For me, the very best part of this place is the people this place attracts," she said. "We wanted to create a bookstore that would attract people here that we would like to have in our home."

And homey it is. Wide, uncluttered spaces with small, clean reading tables and the smell of freshly brewed gourmet coffee invite one to sit down and, if not read the books offered there, just to sit and gather one's thoughts.

But the true focal point of the store, from which all other things seem to branch out, is Margolis' black grand piano.

From the moment you step through the doorway, a black and white checkered path leads you to the raised platform where the great piano rests. Off to the left is the stairway where Marik's collection of cookbooks rests. A piano bar surrounds the instrument, while in front, shelves are arranged so as to focus one's line of sight onto the classic instrument and onto another outlet of this multi-focused business, that of performance art.

Every Wednesday, Thursday and Friday

evenings, generally from 7 to 9 p.m., Words & Music hosts a guest artist, usually a classical or jazz guitarist or pianist. Admission to the shows is approximately $2 with an extra dollar buying you a copy of the artist's book so "you just don't bring home memories, (as Marik says) you also bring home a book."

This combination of three different businesses and performance art spaces makes Words & Music one of the most unique places in San Diego.

Hours are Monday through Thursday 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., Friday and Saturday 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., and Sunday 12 p.m. to 5 p.m.

If Words & Music is spacious and uncluttered, then 5th Avenue Bookstore located on 3921 5th Ave. between University and Washington Street is its antithesis.

Piles upon piles of used books, hardback and softback, line every inch of this 500-square-foot space. What cannot fit into the shelves that reach up to the ceiling is stacked into cardboard boxes that line the floor.

Here the books are thrown together under section, leaving the responsibility of finding the desired author and/or title up to the customer.

"It doesn't pay to have the books alphabetized," said owner Don Baker. "If they are, then people won't keep looking for them and hopefully find another title we can sell to them."

Although this disorganization may certainly have its disadvantages to both the owner and the customer, here is where



some of the true bargains on used books can be found if one is willing to look hard and long enough.

For example, a leather-bound King James version of the Holy Bible, complete with full-page color illustrations sells for only $5. Thre are also racks full of fifty-cent and twenty-five cent paperbacks where some contemporary titles along with books on science, medicine and various other subject matter can be found.

Baker set up the bookstore in this red brick building two years ago. Previously Baker owned a similar business in North Park, specializing in general used books.

Baker also stresses that his store heavily carries fine literature and all of the philosophies in addition to health, theater, show business and science books.

One thing Baker says one needs to have a successful bookstore is not simply a love of books, which is often enough to open the doors of a successful store.

"It's a mistake that a lot of people make," he said. "You have to treat it like a business (a bookstore), but you have to like the books too."

Baker said he generally acquires his books from people who bring them into his shop. He does not frequent garage sales, which he said does not usually have many of the quality books that will sell quickly, which is what Baker wants when he brings in a book.

"The classics in the field of literature are always popular," he said. "I never get too many Bibles or (books by) the prophets.

"Then there are some books that never sell," he added. "If you buy a book and then sell it three years later, what good is that?"

And with 12,000 books in such a tiny space, one can easily see why Baker has adopted such a philosophy. His books sell generally for one-half or a little below the price of what the same book would cost new. And, Baker said, a lot of what he sells is unique.

"A lot of what you see here you can't find in other bookstores," he said. "Many are out of print."

The 5th Avenue Bookstore is open Monday through Saturday 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

If Words & Music is the youngest bookstore on the row, then Blue Door Bookstore is most assuredly the oldest. This bookstore has been owned and operated by Bill Peccolo for twenty years, dealing only in new books.

"I was never interested in used books," Peccolo said.

Peccolo keeps the shelves of his 1,600-square-foot shop well-stocked with good fiction, poetry, film and graphic arts books. Along with an excellent magazine section that includes not only U.S. based magazines, but also such titles as "If," an Italian fashion magazine. Peccolo also prides himself on having one of the largest sections of women's studies literature available in San Diego.

Bestsellers in hardback and paperback sell for list price at the Blue Door. Dictionaries, language books, holistic, art and film books are also available at list price.

Solid hardwood floors add to the charm of this Hillcrest landmark. The books are neat and well organized alphabetically and arranged on pleasing white racks that have been thoughtfully placed at eye-level and below so one does not need to strain to find a book.



Brightly colored, easy-to-read posters hang from the ceilings or are nailed onto the flat white walls.

Besides its look, Blue Door also prides itself on being different from other new bookstores in the types of books they carry.

"They (other bookstores) would have as many books or more (than Blue Door) only they would be fly-by-night ones," he said. "Generally an independent store has more personality."

For this reason Peccolo does not carry romances, focusing more on books dealing with alternate lifestyles and local poetry.

Where Blue Door carries 10 to 12 George Orwell books, other new bookstores carry only two or three. Some authors, such as Henry Miller and Yasunari Kavabata, are not covered by other stores at all.

"Most of the other new bookstores are chains," Peccolo said. "Some guy in Minnesota decides what every bookstore is going to have. With an independent you can decide what you have (on your booklist).

"It's like why one person's house is nearly as expensive as another person's, but it's not as nice."

Although there are many used bookstores in the area with substantially lower prices for some of the same titles, Peccolo does not feel these businesses take away any of his regular clientele at all.

"Most of our customers, if they were interested in the title, would have read the book before the yea: was out and before it got to a used bookstore," he said.

The Blue Door Bookstore is open Monday through Saturday 9 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. and from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. on Sundays.

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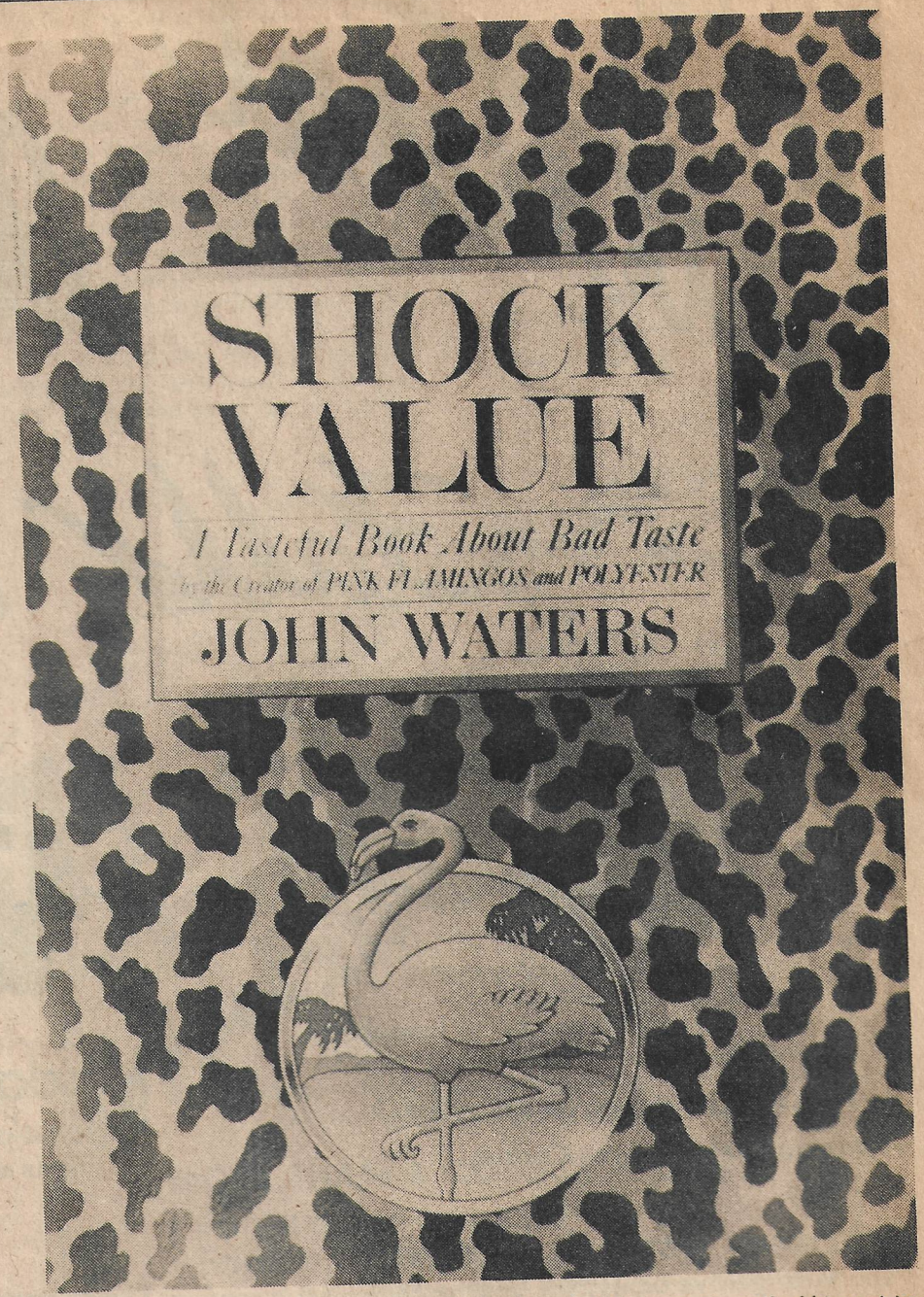
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by Doug Balding



Would you enjoy reading a book about a man who, immediately after the Jonestown massacre, rushed to San Francisco, where Jim Jones had been a respected minister, to have his picture taken under the Peoples' Temple sign? Disturbed at learning that the sign sold later for a mere $200, he bought tapes of the mass suicide as a consolation.

This same man's most notorious movie, "Pink Flamingo's", contained a scene in which a 300 pound man playing a woman (Divine) eats dog excrement hot off the press to prove once and for all that she is indeed the filthiest person alive. We finally learn in his book Shock Value, that John Waters filmed the scene using real dog feces.

Okay. The tone of the book has been established and the meek have been warned off in the process. Shock Value is the aptly titled autobiography of John Waters, the very independent producer, director, and writer of such works as "Desperate Living," "Female Trouble" and "Polyester." His book is indeed shocking but nonetheless extremely amusing. Those who have seen his movies will be prepared for his written work while others are advised to proceed with caution.

"Shock Value" traces Waters' development since childhood when he first began showing an interest in the bizarre. He collected pictures of disasters, such as the collapsing grandstands at the Indianapolis 500 in the 1960s, and imagined such horrors occuring when he attended sporting events with his father. He claims that the only good to happen in a sports stadium near his home occurred on "Scout Day" when an escalator sped up to five timmes its normal rate and " . . . began grinding up the little sports fans."

Movies became an early obsession with Waters when the nuns at his Catholic school warned their students of spiritual punishment for those who attended certain films. Young John rushed to see them, of course, and decided that one day he too would make trashy movies. Using his Baltimore friends as actors and assistants, Waters began making such "classics" as "Hag in a Black Leather Jacket" and "Eat Your Makeup," gathering more success with each release until 1972's "Pink Flamingos" introduced him to a fairly wide audience. He has always made his movies independent of the Hollywood studio system on budgets which would barely cover the average movie star's monthly cocaine allowance. While his movies have hardly been blockbusters, Waters has attained a certain notorious success on the midnight movie and art theater circuit.

Waters still exhibits some strange fascinations in his adult life. He has befriended Charles "Tex" Watson of the Manson Family and visits him often in prison. He urges others to attend bizarre criminal trials and make gore pilgrimages of their own to seek a strange satisfaction that comes from the misfortunes of others.

Obviously, many of Waters' ideas and deeds are shocking and puritans from the left and right are liable to find him not to their liking. As he points out, however, at least the only crimes he commits are in his films. He seems to be a charming man who would make an enjoyable dinner companion. Waters has done exactly what he wanted, has avoided the studio system, and has made movies which, while showing the very trashiest aspects of American culture, are among the most truly American films ever made. While those afraid of his painfully complete honesty should avoid "Shock Value," the rest of us can enjoy this shocking, sometimes hysterically funny and always interesting book.

Cultural Arts

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"Harold and Maude", 8 p.m.

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VIOLENT FEMMES

from page 6

The resulting LP, "Violent Femmes" was a smashing debut and it quickly garnered lusty applause from critics and college radio programmers alike. While touring in the aftermath of the LP, the Femmes were taken aback by the fanatical following they suddenly attracted.

Thus, their latest album, "Hallowed Ground," was greeted with rabid anticipation. It remains somewhat of a rock 'n' roll first, for bounded to those lewd Femmes' anthems was a distinctive religious influence and with it, came the nagging question, "Have the Femmes gone (gulp) Christian?"

Gano answered as best he could, "I would say no, I mean it wasn't like I all of the sudden started to think about these things. My upbringing has caused me to question religion for a long time now and I've always felt power in gospel music. Some of the songs on the new LP I had written when we did the first one. But, at that time it just didn't feel right to do my gospel material in the Violent Femmes."

"Then we started doing a few of them live," Gano continued. "And it turned out great." Indeed, for the most ironic aspect of the Femmes' recent performance at L.A.'s Music Machine, was watching a tough punkish crowd enthusiastically sing along to "Jesus Walking On the Water."

Obviously, Femmes' fans need not worry that their heroes have become rock preachers in the born-again sense. As in its sordid past, this group still stirs controversy when temptation beckons.

"Recently, we played a daytime show in Milwaukee," Gano related. "Actually it was a variety/talkshow for housewives. So, we decided to perform this song called 'No Killing' which we've also called 'Harold Briar.' Harold Briar is the former police chief in Milwaukee who let all sorts of corrupt behavior go on in the city."

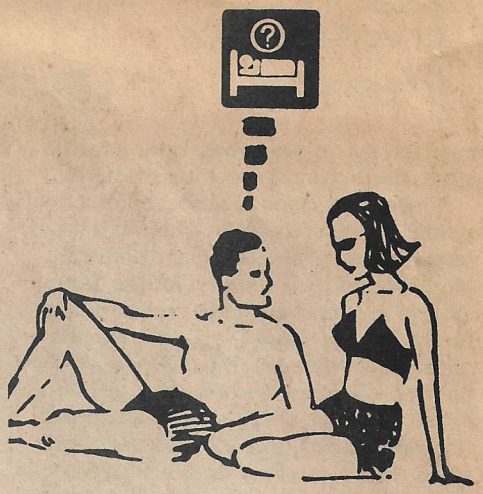
"Innocent people have been beaten and killed," Gano said. "And even though it's been given lots of press, the guilty parties have never been punished. Anyways, to make a long story short, we were rehearsing for this TV show and during the soundcheck we took out part of the song that mentions this police chief. We stuck it in during the show, on live television because Harold Briar had just announced his retirement. Well, the station just went crazy! They got all sorts of complaints and had to make a public apology."

Needless to say, the Femmes were also banned from the station. But the incident hardly disappointed the group's hometown audience, who, according to Gano, remain their most ardent supporters.

"Milwaukee is the place where we are the most famous," Gano said. "I think that's because it's not just limited to people in certain circles. There are a lot of folks who have nothing to do with rock 'n roll who've heard of us. We're the 'local boys made good,' as far as they're concerned."

This, of course, is the absolute understatement in the eyes of Violent Femmes fanatics, for some of the best lines around are permanently etched in this band's righteous stuff.

And so it happens, when a gruff voice pleads, "Why can't I get . . . just one fuck?," one in the know can only smile.





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COCTEAU TWINS

from page 21

most of the money goes back into the studio and into making our records better."

A most interesting, yet not really unexpected aspect of the Twins' Persona is their militant sense of singularity and originality. Mention that they sound a lot like Siouxsie and the Banshees and you had better be ready to defend yourself whether physically or verbally. The Twins admit little or no influences, and even though Robin readily admitted that he had just returned from the Record and Tape Excange with some Elvis Costello, Kate Bush, Talking Heads, etc., etc., he also adds, "You listen to a certain music depending on your mood, but it doesn't mean that you are inspired or influenced by them."

The Twins' music is a very personal creation, so personal, in fact, the few lyrics can be understood through Elizabeths vocal style.

"It hasn't been just voices that influenced me. . . it's instruments as well. The words are chosen carefully. . . sometimes because they are just beautiful words. . . just the way they are pronounced or the way you feel a word should be pronounced completely takes over." Elizabeth stutters, breaks, giggles and whines when her ideas refuse to flow.

"It's difficult to explain to you because they (the lyrics) are not stories, they're just. . . uh. . . oh. . . images. . . uh. . . but, they go together. . . they do make since."

So, for me or you to understand the workings of the Cocteau Twins, Elizabeth offers, "I would just tell you to go listen to the album. I think more people should be listening to music and not writing about it." Touche.

Those who have chosen to write about the Cocteau Twins have had little but favorable things to say. The Twins' performance reviews are filled with praises for their aesthetic shows that involve a minimum of stage and surplus of emotion, most of these shows taking place in quite different if not outright strange locations.

"We like to find the alternative arenas, places that most people don't play," Robin confirms. "We have a date coming up at the Royal Festival Hall where no contemporary act has played since Jimi Hendrix in the late 60's.

The Twins' sound, produced in the studio with all of the gadgets available to 4AD makes for an expensive and burdensome live performance.

"I guess our sound is hard to reproduce live, but we do the best we can," admits Robin meekly, but unapologetically. "We just kind of shamble on, play, then shamble off."

Taking this cumbersome show to the States has been a rare and enlightening experience for the Twins, having played a few months earlier in Philadelphia and at the Danceteria in New York.

"It was quite strange, actually. American audiences tend to be quick to find you weird," Robin confided. Strange reaction, I thought, from a Danceteria crowd. Robin added, "We should be in the States again later in the year doing some dates on the West Coast."

The Twins had been up past their bedtime. Robin left with an "Oh, you bastard" when he realized that his 12:30 am was San Diego's 4:30 in the afternoon. Elizabeth tried to say goodbye, but couldn't bring herself to hang up the phone.

"One, two, three. O.K.?"

"One. . . Two. . . Three. . . Bye(click)." She hung up last.

The Cocteau Twins are in the process of arranging tour dates on the West Coast for early 1985. I strongly suggest that you find a chance to give the Twins a listen before the end of the year. If you do, I'll see you at the show.

45 GRAVE

from page 9

"It wasn't our usual anything," said Bolles. "A lot of people were there for Hellion, slamming with Motorhead T-shirts on."

But Cutler thinks the band is ready for the crossover.

"We have to be presented in the right way," he said. "Like an Alice Cooper or a weird heavy metal band."

Regarding their own audience, the band is critical of the few "fans" who seem intent on destroying shows, especially in San Diego.

"The last show down there (with T.S.O.L.) was interesting," Cutler said. "Basically what happened was that we almost got beat up."

"Almost?" retorted Bolles, "Our keyboard player got punched in the face. Of course, he probably deserved it. Some kid smashed Paul's guitar in his face, strings first."

"I hear it happens to all the bands who go down there," he added. "Stiv Bators (Lords of the New Church) gets shot, Lux Interior (Cramps) gets beat up. Those people should be eliminated. Maybe poison gas. They should spar with each other.

While fans are an integral, if violent, part of their show, neither Bolles nor Cutler thinks having fans on stage is beneficial to a show.

"We used to not mind, but now people just get up there and do nothing," said Bolles. "When we just played fast and were just a rock 'n roll band we didn't mind, but now we're trying to do other things."

"My feeling is that if someone wants to be on stage they should form a band," said Cutler. "Even if they don't mean to harm anything they'll bump into me and detune my guiar."

But San Diego isn't the only town where this group finds an overzealous group of fans.

"In San Francisco a guy ran across stage and tackled Mary (Dinah Cancer) and knocked her out completely," Cutler added. "Another time she got her tooth cracked and it costs us $225."

The group is currently working on material for a new album and rehearsing for an upcoming North American tour, which starts soon and will probably include a San Diego date near Halloween. Upon getting back from the tour, they plan to record another album.

Cutler also had a final request for San Diegans.

"Tell people down there to stop beating people up," he said.

If only the anarchistic fans would take note.

SHOCKABILLY

from page 19

tle brother and the half-human, half-fly caught in the spider's web in "The Fly." Help me! Help me! This stuff is great!

The tone quickly changes on the album and we have a Robert Gordon meets the Surf Punks tune that is no less than an out-and-out jam called "Big For it's Case."

Now here's some real fun! Shockabilly's cover of Roger Miller's "Dang Me" follows "Big For it's Case." and I swear, it could be a Monty Python soundtrack. The lyrics are drawled, yet expelled from the lead vocalist's mouth so rapidly and hilariously that one can easily imagine Eric Idle and Co. trotting around in a Golden West skit.

The real highlight of the album are the prementioned cover of the Byrd's "Eight Miles High," and a hilariously uptempo version of Paul Simon's "Homeward Bound."

Shockabilly had a lot of fun putting "Colloseum" together and that fun pours off the vinyl like scratch-n-sniff. If you find "trash rock" a little too easy to ignore, find "Colloseum." Shockabilly's mixture of country twang and psychedelic flashback is too stong a concoction to sip and forget.

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